

A Discourse, Betweene  
**V P R I G H T**  
the SHOOMAKER  
AND MASTER  
**P A T T E N T,**  
the S M I T H.

Both meeting on the Horse Ex-  
change in *Smithfield*, on the 20.  
day of *April*. 1639.

*Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.*

By T. J.



**L O N D O N**

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cis Groves dwelling on Snow-Hill  
neare the *Sarazens Head*. 1640.



# VPRIGHT. AND PATENT.



Pattent

**VV**ether insuch hast Mr. Upright; you  
looke as if you did not know me.

Upright.

I doe indeed Sir, yet I am perswaded I have  
sene you; and now I thinke ont, 'twas at the  
Sessions house.

Pattent.

Right Sir, my name is Pattons; I endited  
Mr. Chambergaine for receitving of Innates:

Upright.

I perfectly remember you good Mr. Patent;  
how yous trading with you now, I am afraid wee  
shall have a dead time on't, you have little to doe  
I thinke; when Summer comes Pattons grow  
out of date.

Pat:

and Master Patent.

Pat. You are in the right fir, and which is  
wozse, the City had rather goe wet shod then  
have them brought vp againe.

Up. Say you so, troth I cannot much blame  
them, for to say truth, you have not made them  
serviceable for the Common wealth, you have  
onely a respect to your private gaine Master Pat-  
tent, you got swartly for the time they la-  
sted.

Pat. By your favour Master Vpright, now  
you talke of decett in Trading, I must tell you  
your done to: did you never bent Calves lea-  
ther for Beate, and offentiares for Spanish to  
some ignorant Customers: nay now you tell me  
of unserviceable ware, how many of the Kings  
Subjects have you put in the Stockes without au-  
thority not vagrants and Beggars, but Gentle-  
men, Marchants, Citizens, with their wives and  
aughters.

Vpright. I vnderstand your wile: you meane  
that I have made their shoes too little for them,

Pat. Yes sir,

Up. They had better be in the Shoomakers  
Stocks, then be so gauled by Patents as they  
have bene.

Pat. I doe not thinke but you have damaged your

A Discourse betweene Vpright,  
spoornings draught in Whymelwood Ware spr.  
Vpright.

Vpright. Why?  
Pat. You fall so bitter upon me:

Vp. I shall be bitterer ere we part spatter  
Patient.

Pat. Doe thy worst Whomaker.

Vpright. No no no, not the worst neither:  
The best I have to tell you will make you madd  
enough, doe you remember when you were Con-  
stable spatter Patient, when you took me in  
your watch on Crispine and Crispians Night,  
and carried me to the Counter.

Pat. Ha ha ha, yes I doe, I doe.

Vp. Doe you laugh at it.

Pat. Yes saith, I remember you went be-  
yond your Last then.

Vpright:

I remember thou wert the troublesomest ty-  
rannicall Constable that euer knock'd down in-  
quity with a painted staff: thou wouldst have  
a finger in every mans businesse, thy very name  
was hateful, if they did but heare of Patient they  
were danted, thou hast had a pernicious wit, or  
else thou couldst never overcome Scriveners  
and Brokers, they have curst thee sufficiently,  
the low Country Butter-boyes wished thee  
hundred

and Master Pat tent.

hundred thousand turne of Deuill take thee, be  
cause they were forced to waight for Butter till  
you brought the transporters to composition:  
And what had your Loggerhead to doe with Mr.  
Logwood the Dyer; thou wilt undertake to teach  
people to dye well, and thy selfe couldst never  
live well.

Pattent. Very good.

Vp. Not very bad sir, tis you I am talking off,  
doe you heare Patent, the Spanish Marchant  
Don tobacco takes a reuenge vpon thee, and I  
much feare he will take thy life: so; he saies he  
will send his two Factors, Verinus and Mandun-  
gus to stile thee.

Pattent. The deuill he will, they are from him  
already: man he hath put them to worke in blind  
Ale-houses.

Upright. No matter, ther's many wayes to  
kill a Dog then hanging of him.

Pattent. A Dogge you Dunsstable.

Vpright.

Yes you paper kite, and now I talke of hang-  
ing, there could not be so much as the hangmans  
office to sell but Tyburne, and the rest of his kin-  
dred must allow you a pension so; it.

Pattent. So, so, so, can Saint Hugh and his  
bones protect you to talke thus liberally. Whoma-  
ker.

A Discourse betweene Vpright,

Upright. Oh yes, yes, yes, thou givest me an  
thoite, I know I may talke freely by patent my  
friend :

Pattent. It was Daffier Patent,

Vpright. That was when you traded in  
the skins and Lambskins oh thou wert a pre-  
cious Wolfe in Lambskiane.

Pattent. You will answer all this, will you  
not.

Vpright. No, I scozne it, I beleve I have  
spoke more then thou canst answer.

Pattent. But heark ye Goodman Shomaker.

Vpright. Goodman Shomaker, I deny and  
desie the title, I am a Gentleman, my gentility  
is of Antiquity, thou art an Upright, Shomes  
were made when thy villanous Patents were  
not thought on.

Pat. Well I may chance thoztly bze to a little  
Woyme wood for you.

Vp. Bze to say you, you have bze to a for us  
already I thanke you, all the Gentlemen Cord-  
wayners in St. Martins bee wish but to have  
the bze to of the for shufing the Bze toers :  
which hath made them abuse us and send us in-  
chanted small Beere in stead of strong, before  
you had a hand in the Bze tohouse we could have  
old English beere would makes all mades before  
spunday none, now tis so small we can scarce

and Master Patient.

get drunke by Tuesday night, a whole tyme of  
my here will scarce for a Ditchman: this you  
may see and see the Patient.

Pat. Shall I be blam'd for this, I thinke I did  
the Common wealth a great deale of good to  
keepe it sober.

Vp. I thou art a necessary member for in kee-  
ping of them from being drunke, thou mak'st  
them mad, as I am a Shoemaker and free of the  
Cordwainers, every prentise I had came home  
sober last Shrovetuesday night: it was not so I  
am sure when I was a Lad:

Pat. I say, say.

Vp. I say and I say to you put me well in mind  
on't, the hoxles that had been well bred and pam-  
per'd in the Country, and had their allowance of  
hay freely, and lay at rathe and manger, eat what  
they would; now they are stinted: how many  
pounds of hay is there in a Load for Patient.

Pat. I cannot tell.

Vp. You must buy hay for your hoxles as we  
buy eggs by the pound, but you buy by the  
weight, that is the justice before the Stales.

Pat. I see you will have a license.

Vp. Not from you Jack Straw, unless you  
were in office againe.

Pat. Jack Straw.

Vp. I praye answer me to one question and

A Discourse betweene Vpright,

he just with me to a straines breadth :

Pat. Declare your wit :

Vp. How many ounces of straine goes to the  
littering of a good man a yeare in Bedlam,

Pat. 'Tis a madde question :

Vp. That's true, I knowe that I speake  
to

Patent. Why doe you count me to, a good  
man,

Vp. No to, a wise man : and a man that hath had  
experience in this mistery, this is no question to, a  
good man to answer :

Pat. It seemes your conversation is altogether  
with wise acres : was it not you that asked the  
silly question once : whether Red-berrings came  
out of the red Sea or no.

Vp. No but it was you that made men pay as  
deare to, them, as if they came from thence, I  
wonder you had nothing to doe with daintie blote  
berring, plate, plate, or hyed squats, I helde be  
you had something to doe with Dungeons, though  
thy selfe art as miserable now as poore John  
was, is it not you that one Lent ended a poore  
man of Felony to, tryng of Bacon.

Patent. Of Felony :

Vp.



and Master Patient.

Vpright. Yes of Felony, and you would needs  
justifie it with an Act of Parliament, which when  
one looked on it which had better eyes, it was  
not crying of Bacon, but fiering a Beacon.

Patient. Ha ha ha.

Vpright. Dost thou laugh at thy owne igno-  
rance, doe you heare Patient, did I never know  
you a Dunghill Raker.

Pat. I a Dunghill raker, ye Wantoffle.

Vp. I cry you mercy Sir, you did onely rake  
them that rake Dunghills, looke too t, for there  
is an army continuing against thee, whose weapons  
are strong yron hokes; the Captaine of  
them is Tarrardemalion Tagragg: those that be  
vnder his command I shall nominate to thee.

Britch bottoome out,  
Ralph Patch and stich,  
Will worke and fast,  
Hudge Leather Scrap,  
Sam Scrape and take,  
Daniell Dunghill Worke.

And a great many moze out of my memozy at  
this time that have made up a ragged Regiment  
and vowed no moze to be obedient to thy authoritie  
whereover the Shop Marchants have an intent.  
to marry all the female Bonelace makers, and  
get Childzen to justifie themselves against thee  
they

A Discourse betweene Vpright,

they say if thou dost but come amongst their boys againe, they will scarce leaue thee a leg to lay away vpon, and the Bonelace makers haue taken such spirit against thee, that in stead of Bonelace thou shalt returne with laced bones, and take my word Partent, thou hadst better be in the middle of English pikes, then amongst their Spanish needles.

Par. Doe you hold any confederate with this lawlesse faction Apr. Vpright, that you can so well tell the manner of the revenges they will execute vpon me.

Vp. I promise thee I doe not thinke but they will burne thee when all comes to all, and ther is an end of Partent.

Par. It must be some of your female Bonelacemakers then, I care not a button for the rest of the Rebellions.

Up. Don't you care a button: Sister Panyer in Hoop Ally will make you care a button, why thou Jack in a bore, couldst thou be content to gaine Authority amongst the Buttonmakers of Amsterdam, where the sisterhood might haue payed thee tribute; besides Buttons for the bachelors.

Par. Yes when they breeches in the buttons, haue I lined after that rate to goe secured against Rebellions you vagrants.

Vpright

and Master Patent.

Vp. Among Precticians you papper, what need you confine your selfe to one sort when there is so much division amongst them.

Pat. That's all one; they hold the greatest sway who care no more for knocking a mans breathes out in zeale, or for the good of the common cause: then I for philipping a sile to death, I would not be within jurisdiction of new England for a million.

Vp. May I thinke thou hadst better be in the great Maguls Countrey:

Pat. I have been Page to Sir John Mandevill, I should hope to returne with more security.

Vp. Well, but now we have been in Amsterdam, New England, and Magolt: let us returne to old England againe, where there is many honest men will welcome you home, and Mr. Cipres.

Pat. Oh the Pathens make us not returne.

Vp. Then there's another one Mr. Killing.

Pat. A Ropelstring maker.

Vp. Master Chy: glancinge.

Pat. A Tobackopipe maker.

Vp. Master Glasse Eyes.

Pat. A Spectacle maker.

Vp. Master Curry.

Pat. A Combmaker.

Vp. Doe you heare Patent cannot you see,

all trades, how many Wills have you ben free of.

Pat. What's that to thee?

Vp. What's that to thee?

A Discourse betweene *Vpright,*

*V.* That is a question all men aske when they are ashamed to giue an answer.

*Pat.* Ashamed?

*vp.* Did I say thou wert ashamed:

*Pat.* It was your pleasure?

*vp.* Giue me thy hand I am so; so; so; it, I cry the mercy I took my markes amisse: He giue thee thy due so; that eiaith I thinke thou wert euer shamelesse, haue I hit the Rasle on the head now Smith, are you pleased:

*Pat.* You haue spoken all?

*vp.* Not all, but I am drawing to an end?

*Pat.* Would thou hadst spoke thy last once?

*vp.* I shall bere the soule first Sirrah, but lesse thou canst come off with good Language, thou wilt suffer many Deaths in one, the Hatband maker will choke thee; or strangle thee with Capres, the Outstring maker will make strings of thy Guts which will copen the Fiddlers mast abominably; so; they will neuer stand in Tune; the Tobackpipe makers, Spectacle makers, and Combe makers, will compound with the Dicemakers so; thy bones to make false Dice with, and that's a way to make thee as mischievous in thy Death as thou wert in thy lifetime, and if thy Bones prove so deceiptfull, we may very well turne the tother end of an old Proverb, what was bled in the flesh will neuer out of thy bones.

*Pat*

and Master Patient:

Pat. I have heard you, and doubt not the worst  
their mallice aymes to inflict upon me, I have  
ere this my tragedie brought to passe, contrived  
a meanes to worke revenge on them.

Vp. Declare, I shall be glad to heare it, I alwayes  
had an itching desire to mischiefe as well as thou:

Pat. Thus then, I will bring up a fashion a-  
mongst some of our temporising gallants to for-  
sake the wearing of hatbands, we will have all  
our fiddle strings from Rome and Venice, and as  
I am a Smith, I have a conceit to make you fo-  
bacco pipes and stake Combes, and our old men  
when they once grow dimme sighted, shall have  
their writings read to them.

Vp. I this is pretie well, but not in your power  
to perfect, this is a harder project upon them, then  
the first you had, it will be a hard matter to vnto  
the humours of the whole Kingdome to these fa-  
shions: besides your you worke will doe no  
good, for we have many phantaslike Company  
keepers that onely take Tobacco to breake the  
pipes, and shall we be beholding to other Nations  
for fiddle strings or combe our heads with those  
Combes. Besides ther's a strange conceit indeed  
that all old men should have their writings read  
to them, 'tis enough to vndoe halfe the old men in  
the Kingdome, their mistresses shall not send to  
them letters of commendation, or places of new

A Discourse betwene Vpright,

Wrestling, but they must be enforced to have their  
wives to read them, and what inconvenience that  
would bring, we but judge. For this will not  
doe Mr. Patient, I am a little in haste, I thinke it  
the dinner time, I will onely giue you one item  
more and then I leaue you to your olone direc-  
tion, were you neuer acquainted with one Mr.  
Fortune.

Mr. Patient. Yes, yes, a Hoier.  
Vp. Where hoies, take heed of him are you mar'd.  
Mr. Patient. What of that? I knowe a goodly  
one. Vp. Take heed of him, that is all. I speake  
as a friend. Mr. Patient. A friendly counsell.  
Vpright. It is so, then doe not you know

Mr. Will Cotton. And what of him? Vp.  
And Par. Yes the Butcher.

Vp. The very same, he hath a great many friends  
- and so, hath Ball his Dog, be sure you doe not  
through field lane, Newgate market, Butcher  
row, St. Nicholas shambles, East Cheap, or  
Southwark, where to wait laie for the small these  
places, and if they meet thee thou wilt be strucke  
toller of whiners then a surloigne of roast beefe  
at Christmas is strucke with Rosemary: And by  
all meanes come not neare the Beares garden for  
horses and Dogs are friends and all agree, on  
the to set a bloody Tragedy.  
Mr. Patient. Well sirrah, you are a railing fellow, I le  
take no more to you.

Vp.

and Master Patient.

Vp. One cold word more good Master Patient.

Par. But firrah why doth these things trouble you so much?

Vp. I tell thee my name is vpright, my nature is like unto my name, and I do see such juggling in a Common-wealth, it makes my honest countrymen beg in a land of plentie; I haue something to say to you (now I consider Christmas is so neare) concerning Cards, what new game haue you set a foot, that the knave of Diamonds doth cozen the king of Hearts and all his Subjects to the very Ace, y<sup>e</sup> are a sure Card firrah, when Patient Deales, all the rest doe but hold Cards.

Par. Why not, why I tell thee I will cozen my Father at Cards.

Vp. Whether doe not I sweare I beleue thee, the Father saith he, I the Father of thy Country — you are going now, you doe not loke to heare of your faults, I haue onely one thing more to say to thee, either fire or y<sup>e</sup> takes consume thee.

Par. I thanke you sir, spit out your spleene, what is your next benome?

Vp. No benome vpon my credit, now I haue laid open thy soule inside, I will giue thee a purge that is with Soape:

Par. With Soape?

Vp. With Sope, I with Sope, that was a purge dare enough as you order'd it, all the good Hus-  
wifes

A Discourse betweene *Prigbt,*

wifes in London, and those that take a paye in cleane linnen, have an intention to wash thee clere from all thy sojmer villanies; but I am a fraid they will doe no good vpon thee, they will be enforced at last to hang thee vp for the signe of y<sup>e</sup> Labour in vaine, which is the end I bequeath thee to, and though I am no Barbar god spr. Patten, I must leaue you ith luds at this time, for I haue talk'd my selfe weary, my shop Iournemen and pzentises expect me, if you haue any thing to say to me, you know St. Martins, I will not change my house now the world is in hope of refozmation. So god euen smit Master Patten.

*Pat.* Farewell sir :

And though these things I can no longer  
thylbe by,

I hang him that wants, who hath all Trades  
to lye by.

And so Master Patten,

Pray learne this martin,

The seat which you sat in,

In your furs and your fatten

Must now be forsaken,

Your knavery is taken,

And roth Devill removed,

Your dearly beloved.

FINIS.



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